Fashion Interest Centering in Persian and Venetian Styles

GRAND Prix Ball, Representing Reception of Eighteenth-Century Doge of Venice to Persian Embassy, Fixed Attention of Paris on Sartorial Possibilities of That Occasion—Venetian Tricorne and Swathed Persian Turban Two Ideas Milliners Seized—Materials Resembling Elaborate Persian Embroidery Are Much Used, and Are Effective in the New and Very Smart Short Jackets.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

PARIS, August 7.

IF a Persian courtier of the eighteenth century came to life and went to Paris he would marvel exceedingly. Likewise would a cotemporary Doge of Venice. The Persian would see costumes called "Persian" that he never dreamed of, would see embroideries such as no needlewoman of his native land ever thought of fashioning, would see Persian turbans that would cause him to start and stare as much as they do the American tourist. For the surprise of the eighteenth-century Venetian doge there would be costumes inspired by the paintings of Titian or Veronese and worn some two centuries before the period named.

But it really doesn't matter.

Interest of Parisians has been centering around things Persian and things Venetian, and this interest was enormously stimulated and given excuse by the Grand Prix ball, representing a reception given in the eighteenth century by the Doge of Venice to the Persian embassy. Add to this that the French government has urged that makers of clothes make use of all sorts of embroideries and fabrics that demand handwork, in order to give needlewomen employment, and you have an added incentive to the use of elaborate and intricate embroideries.

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TO make the clothes a little more intricate, add also the fact that the undisputed cynosure of all eyes at several recent gatherings was Khai-Dinh of Annam, emperor of an Indo-Chinese principality, who wears gorgeous black and gold costumes and a pointed toque, and who was surrounded by a retinue of Annam men, or Annamites, or whatever one correctly calls a native of Annam that were even more resplendently attired than their emperor.

So the season may present an interesting race between Annam, Persian, eighteen-century Venice and North Africa for supremacy in women's clothes!

From this medley of sources the milliners seem to find most promising inspiration from Persia, with Venice playing second fiddle. The Khai-Dinh of Annam and his retinue may have given suggestions for color and rich materials, but certainly this little pagoda-roof hat couldn't compete with the milliners against Persian and Venetian turbans.

The so-called off-the-face shape has been hard dying, but from what one sees in Paris now it would be safe to say that it had at last been safely interred.

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THE two outstading forms of headgear from the Grand Prix ball were, of course, the Persian turban and the Venetian tricorne. Of the latter there was one made by Georgette for Irene Castle showing violet velvet draped around the head, and trimmed with red, green, purple and gold feathers.

Even more striking at the ball were the headdresses that some one described as "animated Christmas trees. These showed a fairly close fitting cap-like turban that supported a silver-tinsel device that waved glittering branches two or three feet in the air. But fortunately no one has tried to perpetuate this species of turban trimming for general wear. The plumed turban, however, made its appearance forthwith at the races. It was made always in velvet, of bright colors, or in black trimmed with bright feathers.

There was nothing strikingly new about the tricorne brought into prominence as part of the Venetian pageantry at the Grand Prix ball, but it has become immensely smart. It is the broadly rolling type of tricorne that in America we are apt to call a "continental" from the fact that it was worn by our continental soldiers at the time of the revolution. It was the hat accepted by masculinity as the proper headdress in the eighteenth century. Our forefathers wore it when they fought the revolution, and no less did the Venetians wear it in the doge's court when they received the turbaned Persians, only the courtiers of Venice wore it embellished with metallic lace. The women at the French ball pulled it down jauntily over their foreheads, often hanging a black lace veil from one corner to another, letting it droop off the face to show the eyes and nose but concealing the mouth. You saw this fashion side by side with the other trick affected by the women in Persian costume of wearing a short veil that hid the eyes and nose but left the chin and mouth bare.

The tricorne of velvet or of velvet trimmed with metallic embroidery has been taken over by the milliners as a highly desirable addition to their offering for autumn. It is made not only in black and the various shades of brown that are in such good repute among milliners at present, but it appears made of velvet in all the bright colors. Without a doubt this fashion for the velvet tricornes will find favor in America. And they will appear and reappear, and when you see them you will perhaps forget that they were inspired by a ball in Paris—that they are not really continental at all but Venetian tricornes of the eighteenth century.

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ONE striking example of this hat that was recently worn by a smart French woman was in golden brown velvet with silk fringe of the same shade going under the chin and falling like a cascade from the upturned brim at the back. You may not especially admire this fringe arrangement, you may want to wear your new tricorne without it, but you'll have to admit that it is novel and clever.

While turbans and tricornes have certainly won a sure place for themselves, French women have not given up the wide-brimmed hat. It has been said over and and over again that the wide-brimmed hat would not be taken over for autumn. It seemed highly likely to certain well-advised milliners that it would winter kill, that it would die out with the first frost. But we are yet a long way from frost even if velvet hats are worn by every one who takes an interest in clothes. Hence the wide-brimmed hat is in evidence, and it is scarcely narrower than the cartwheel hats of summer. Obviously it is heavier and more difficult to wear when its brim consists of two thicknesses of velvet over a substantial canvas foundation.

Much has been said about Persian embroidery as trimming for autumn millinery, and this is something of which we shall doubtless see more. For the nonce, however, the Persian turban is more often wrought in velvet, while the Persian embroidery is best displayed on the frock or warp. The jacket that made its appearance the last days of the races and that is much admired here is made of material that resembles elaborate Persian embroidery. Sometimes actual Persian embroidery appears on these coats, but more often they are trimmed with fur. Foulards printed in Persian colors and Persian designs have also called forth much admiration.

One hears rather glib reference to "Persian colorings." The reddish tones play an important part in the Persian rainbow, apparently, but other colors are not lacking—yellows, greens, blues and purples. Often they are combined with gold threads in the embroidery, but sometimes the effect of gold is produced by silken threads of a rich old gold hue. This produces a richness of color effect that you cannot very well imagine until you have seen it.

Sometimes these full short coats are of fur, ermine or the white rabbit that the French call lapin.

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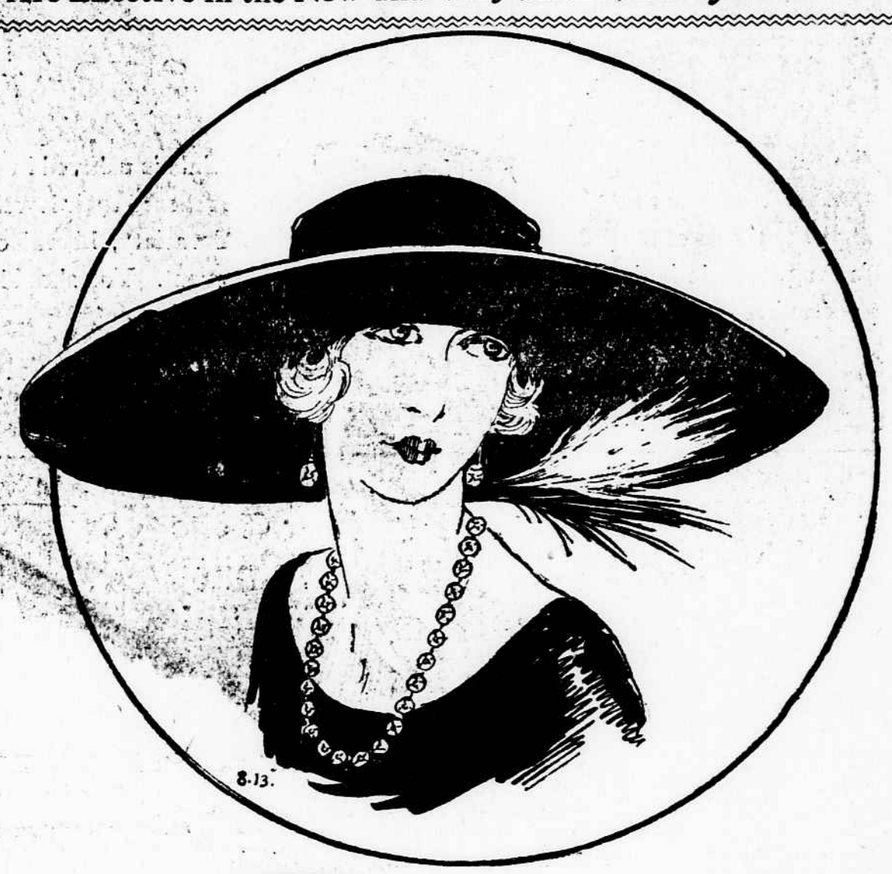
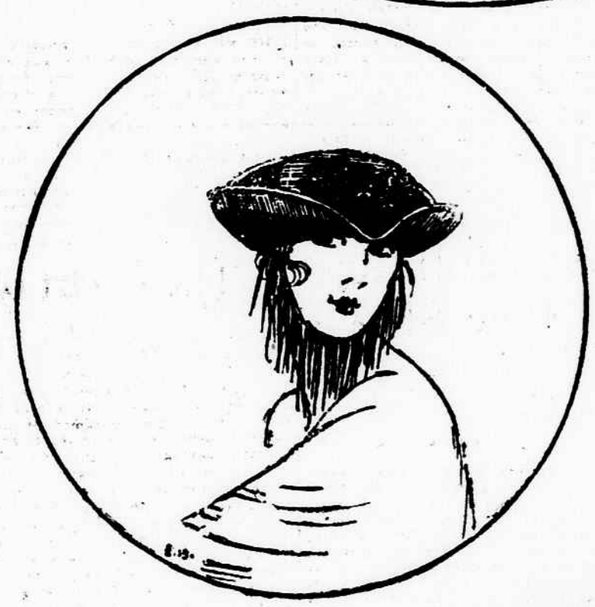
TAILLESS ERMINE JACKET, TRIMMED WITH SQUARES OF BLACK VELVET SURMOUNTED WITH APPLIQUED SCROLLS OF THE ERMINE.



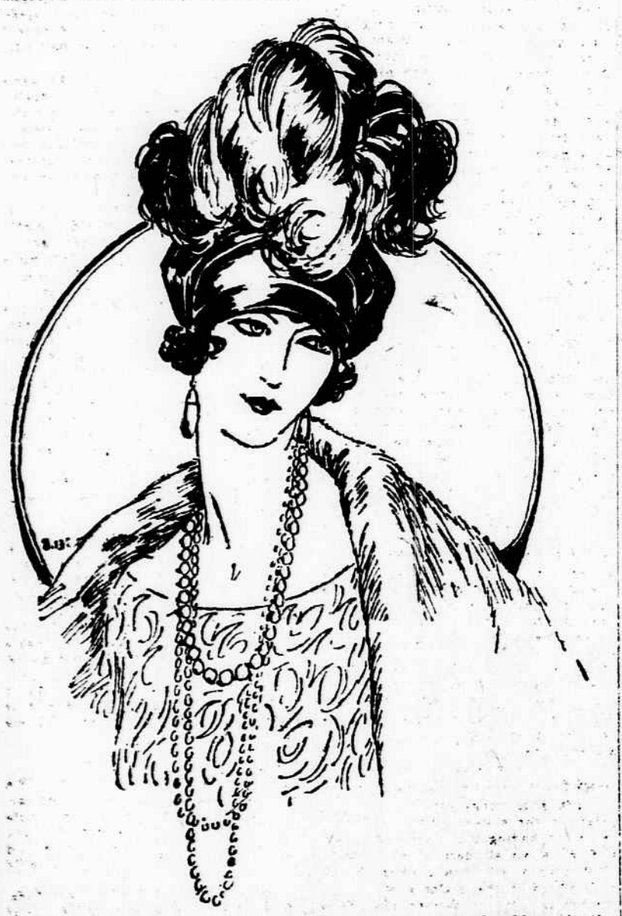


A BRIGHT RED AIGRETTE AT THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BRIM AND A BRIGHT BLUE ONE ABOVE IT FORM THE ONLY TRIMMING ON THIS LARGE BLACK VELVET HAT, WORN WITH CUT CRYSTAL BEADS AND EARRINGS.

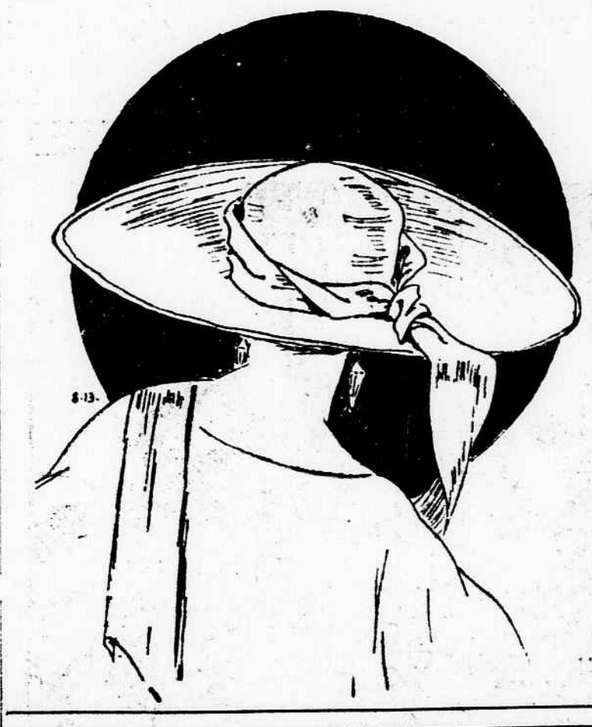
AT LEFT: SMART TRICORNE DEVELOPED IN GOLDEN BROWN VELVET, WITH GOLDEN BROWN SILK FRINGE FALLING FROM UPTURNED BRIM AT BACK AND FORMING ODD CHIN STRAP.

BELOW: THIS WIDE-BRIMMED MAUVE VELVET HAT TURNS UP AT THE FRONT AND IS TRIMMED WITH GOLD RIBBON THAT IS LOOSLY KNOTTED AND FORMS A LONG STREAMER AT THE RIGHT SIDE.

NARROW BANDS OF FUR TRIM THIS JACKET OF PERSIAN MATERIAL, AND RED CREPE DE CHINE FORMS THE LINING.



PERSIAN TURBAN, WORN BY IRENE CASTLE IT IS OF VIOLET VELVET TRIMMED WITH RED, GREEN, PURPLE AND GOLD FEATHERS.



World-Famous Poems

In Flanders Fields

PERHAPS no terror was ever so terrible as that which raged around Ypres and northern France during the early part and middle of 1915. After being turned back the year before at the Marne, where nothing else save human bravery, expressed in the words, "They shall not pass," saved the day, the Germans in April, 1915, were in the full cry of victory. They felt sure that Paris was in their grasp, the channel ports would follow, and then the great governmental fabric of the world would collapse in ruins, with the Hun master of all.

Only those who went through the horror of that campaign, with its wretched carnage of suffering, its water-soaked trenches, its blood-stained fields, its desperation and despair, can ever realize one-half of what it all meant. Heroes stalked blinded through the vast melee to die and sleep in unmarked graves; life ebbed out of thousands fighting to the last tissue of strength left—while above it all, as the spring of 1915 came back again, the soft sun would shine once more through the smoke-wrapped air and flowers blossomed again above the scarred faces of those who slept.

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IT was out of all this terror of suffering that one great poem was born, perhaps the greatest poem of the world war, and certainly the most widely read and quoted:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
. . . In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The poem was written by Dr. John McCrae, who was living in Montreal, Canada, when the war broke out, but who was drawn into the hottest of its activities when his country called for help. His dressing station was right at the front in the terrible fighting in Flanders, so that he saw the worst of the awful suffering through which the allied armies passed in those sinister months of 1915. He witnessed the steady, onward march of the enemy; the almost hopeless heroism of his comrades to stay the German pressure; saw the warm earth hide its shame in the scarlet glory of the poppy; and out of this harrowing experience this great poem was born. It is the outgrowth of personal observation, of intense feeling, and hence its every line rings true to the subject matter, because it came from a soul stirred to its very depths.

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"IN Flanders Fields" was first published in London Punch, December 8, 1915, and was unsigned. Evidently Dr. McCrae did not realize its literary value, so absorbed was he at the time in trying to relieve the suffering of his conirades.

"This poem," Gen. Morrison writes, "was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station.

Along from us a few hundred yards were the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us."

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DR. JOHN McCRAE did not live to see the victory for which he gave his life. He died at the general hospital in Boulogne, from an illness contracted through service to the cause he loved so well and which he immortalized in such matchless lines.

He did live long enough to know that his poem had found its place in the hearts of his comrades at the front. It was a soldier's poem and copies of it passed from trench to trench during the darkest hours of the great struggle. How much inspiration it gave the army will never be known. It is a fact, however, that some kind of copy of it was found in the pocket of almost every hero who fell in that fateful season around Ypres. Many of these copies were smeared and stained—many with blood—almost beyond legibility. So after all, the author knew something of the worth of his inspiring song.

Fashion's Fads And Nicknacks

THERE are some good girdles of fine black silk threads strung with steel beads and woven together to form a beaded pattern, with plain spaces of the black silk.

White wool is used in France for filling in designs on metallic lace.

Braided belts of various soft fabrics are in vogue. They are made of suede and of soutache and of any other soft fabric that may be pulled into strands.

Metal filigree on leather belts forms an unusual trimming.

Spangled silk fans are carried for summer evenings.

Pendants on thin black silk cords are made of coral, of jet and of other stones.

With the increasing favor of various shades of brown in Paris, brown silk stockings are coming in for a good deal of attention, even the dark brown shades that have not been worn this season.

Beaded fringe is one of the details worth noticing.

Coral is enjoying a revival of fashion, and chains of coral and crystal beads are especially attractive.

White stockings are in high vogue.

Black and white, always smart in combination, are fashionable as well, and especially is a great deal of black and white ribbon used.

Platinum gray ribbon is one of the best for the wrist watch.

Brilliant sashes on black evening gowns are commonplace.

Hand-drawn pongee handkerchiefs, hemstitched with self-color, are smart for sports this summer.

Hand-printed linen is used for the making of French handkerchiefs.

Bands of colored embroidery on black gowns have been commonized until no well-dressed woman wants them.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

BY LAURA KIRKMAN.

Drying Peaches and Apples.

The fruits which the average housewife oftenest chooses for drying are peaches and apples. There are three simple ways of drying fruits: 1, in a commercial dehydrator; 2, in the strong sun of a hot climate; 3, in your stove oven, on trays.

The last named way is that chosen by most women. A wire rack resembling a fine-meshed window screen may be used for oven trays, or a rack made of cheesecloth tacked onto a wooden frame will answer. The drying rack should be set on the oven shelf rather than on the floor of the oven, so as to permit a free circulation of air beneath the drying food. The oven door should be left ajar to prevent the temperature becoming too intense. The oven heat at first should be very mild, but after an hour or two it should be slightly increased.

Although a great many housewives dry their fruits each year without the help of an oven thermometer, this scientific little device is, nevertheless, a tremendous help. If you would like to buy one and do not know of a store that sells oven thermometers, write to me, inclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope, and I will tell you of a firm that sells them by mail. With an oven thermometer, begin drying fruit at 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and after a short while let it rise slowly to 130 or 140 degrees—never higher than 150 degrees.

To Dry Apples.—It is not advisable to dry early varieties of apples, because they lack firmness of texture. The apples must be pared and cored, then sliced in rings one-fourth inch thick, or quartered. (The rings dry more quickly than the quarters.) Arrange the slices in single layers on the oven trays and place these trays in your oven for about four hours. If you wish to try sun-drying, place the trays out of doors in strong sunshine and bring the trays in each night. Sun-drying in this way usually requires three or four days.

Whichever way you dry the fruit, however, it should be thoroughly dry before you consider the process finished. Indeed, it should be so dry that when a handfull of the slices is pressed together firmly into a ball the slices will be springy enough to separate at once upon being released from your hand. The texture of the dried fruit should be soft and leathery.

Before packing the dry slices in a pasteboard box lined with paraffin paper to store them you should "condition" them for three or four days to make sure that no moisture remains in them; by "conditioning" I mean pour them from one box to another once or twice a day to make sure that the air touches all portions and that the fruit is perfectly dry. If you detect any moisture you must once more spread the slices on the tray for a few more hours of drying.

BEAUTY CHATS

BY EDNA KENT FORBES.

The Summer Girl.

The summer girl is always pretty. I do not exactly know why. It may be because she is living a healthy, outdoor life. It may be because she has temporarily thrown off the worries of office work or family responsibility. It is quite likely because of her cool, dainty dresses, which give us a glimpse of her sunburnt throat and her rounded, healthy arms. It may be because she is on a vacation or simply because summer is always the happiest time. And it may be, as a friend suggested, because the observer himself is in a holiday mood and views the world and his fellow men and women through rose-colored spectacles.

So there you have any number of reasons and you may take your choice, but the fact is undeniable that the summer girl is pretty. One observant feminine friend said to me that women, as a rule, dress better in summer than in winter. Summer clothes cost less, that's the obvious reason. Fifteen dollars does not purchase much in the way of a wool frock, but will secure a very handsome summer one. Low shoes, which reveal slim, silk-stockinged ankles, are infinitely more becoming than high shoes.

Summertime foods are healthier than winter foods. In the warm weather we eat all sorts of things that are good for us. In the winter we are apt to make our complexions muddy with starchy foods and our noses red from rich puddings. The worst crime we can commit in the summer is to drink too much iced water or soda water. For that reason the summer girl is apt to have a better complexion and better eyes. I fancy she is pretty because she is really healthy.

Mary Ann.—If you are steaming your face every day it will coarsen the pores in time. There would be no harm in your using hot water, since you say it refreshes you, but you should rinse in cool and then finish with dashes of very cold water, as the cold water closes the pores.

Worried.—The mixture of peroxide and ammonia in equal parts, so often used for bleaching superfluous hair, cannot injure the tissues. It may irritate the skin much the same as a slight burn, but it will heal and bleach off after a few days.

Shortie.—As you only gave ages and did not state height, I cannot compute the weight.